*WE'VE SUCCESSFULLY MADE IT ALL THE WAY TO THE 12TH VOL!!!
THANK YOU FOR BEING PART OF THE JOURNEY!!!

OTAKU BHASKAR

THE 1ST ANNIVERSARY EDITION

VOL 12 | MAY EDITION

R/ANIMEINDIAN

AN ODE TO THE CANVAS

(FROM THE FOUNDER & CREATIVE DIRECTOR)

A year ago, I was just another member here — someone who spent way too many unhealthy hours being active in this community without realizing how attached I'd eventually become to it. Through endless nights of chatting, sharing my artworks, randomly dropping playlists in chat, and simply spending time with everyone here, I slowly grew alongside the people in this community. Somewhere along the way, people trusted me enough to hand me the responsibility of being a moderator, and honestly, it was never as easy as it seemed.

I know I made mistakes (definitely more than a few) and I received both love and criticism from the members because of them. But despite everything, I always tried my best to do whatever I could for the betterment of this community, and Otaku Bhaskar is one of the things I can proudly look back on and flex about.

The magazine itself started with so many doubts in my mind. *Will it succeed? Will people enjoy reading it? Will anyone even want to be a part of it?* Yet somewhere between all the doubts, late-night adjustments, rushed edits, literally begging for help, and even working alone at times, things slowly began to change. I went from struggling on my own to finding people who didn't just believe in the idea, but genuinely wanted to build it together — helping me put everything in one place, contributing their amazing works regularly, and turning this small idea into something truly meaningful.

Every person who contributed to this magazine is equally responsible for what it has become and deserves all the appreciation for it. This was never just my magazine — it became ours the moment everyone poured their creativity, effort, and love into it.

So here's an ode to the canvas that quietly witnessed every chaotic idea, every unfinished draft, every last-minute change, and every heartfelt creation made for this community. And with this annual edition, I pass on this responsibility to the current team.

u/GothOutOfWater

NAVIGATION

SECTION	PAGE NO.
CREATIVE CLAN	4–7
CRAFTY CREW	8–9
CHARISMATIC CONTRIBUTORS	10–11
CONQUERING CHAMPIONS	12–14

The Silver-Haired Karmayogi:

WHY GINTOKI'S "IMPERFECT" BUSHIDO IS THE ULTIMATE DHARMA

By- u/Dangerous_War6441

In the "Pesu" episode of Gintama, we see a powerful clash of ideologies that mirrors one of the teachings of the Bhagavad Gita

Hasegawa (Madao) tries to cling to his official duty, saying:

"**Corrupt or not, I will protect my country. This is my Bushido**".

But Gintoki responds with his own truth. He doesn't follow a code written by the government or society; he follows his own soul's Bushido to stand tall and protect what he personally deems important.

Inspired, Hasegawa mimics Gintoki's path, stands up for what is right, and ultimately loses his job, becoming the "Madao" we know.

This is a perfect live-action (well, anime) demonstration of Bhagavad Gita - Chapter 3, Verse 35

Sreyan sva-dharmo vigunah
para-dharmat sv-anusthitat
sva-dharme nidhanam sreyah
para-dharmo bhayavahah

It is far better to follow your own dharma, even if imperfect, than to follow another's dharma perfectly.

The Philosophy:

Hasegawa could have had a "perfect" career by following a corrupt system, but it would have been a "Para-dharma" (someone else's code). By choosing to act like Gintoki, he embraced his Swa-dharma.

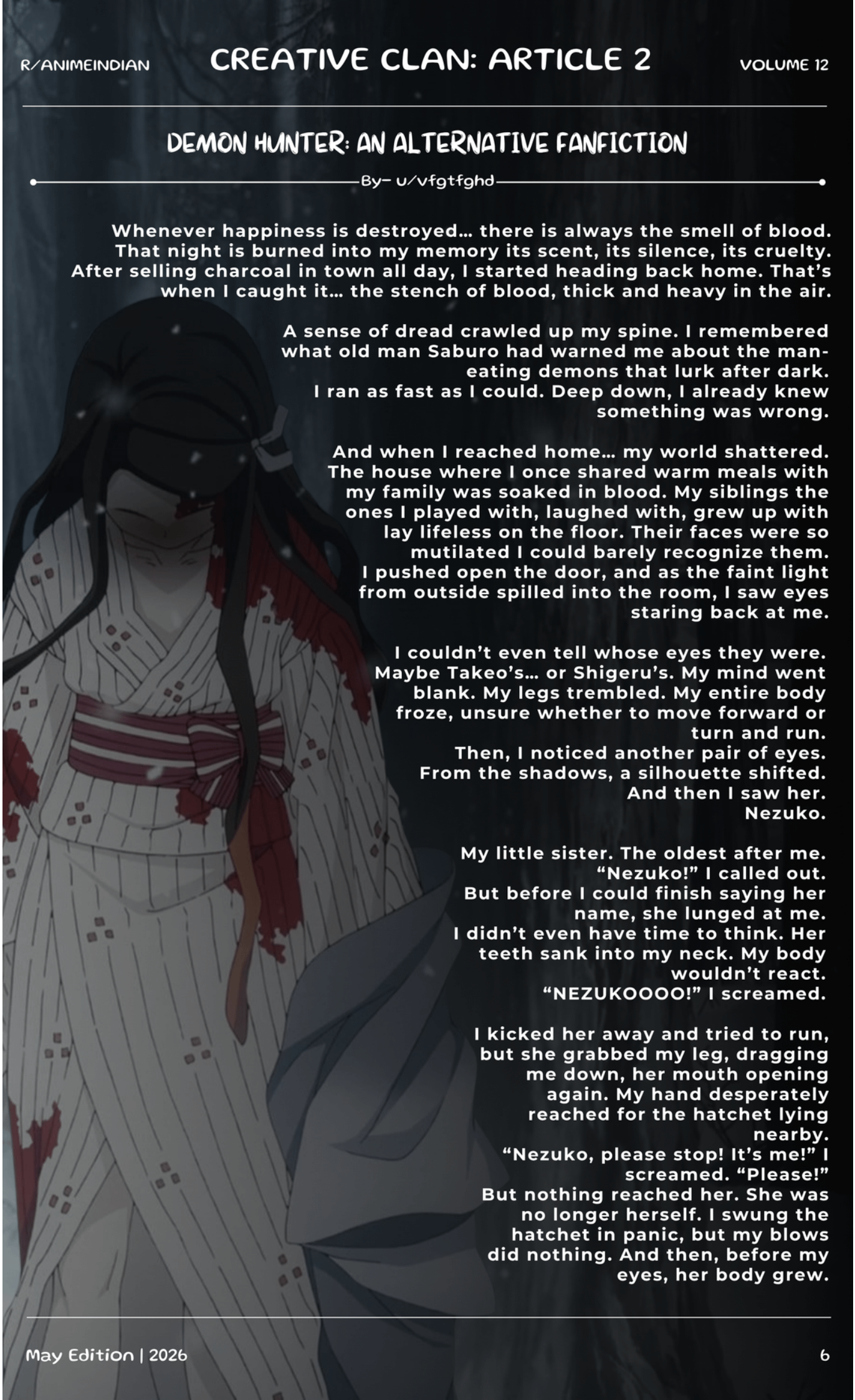
Even though it led to him becoming a "homeless" Madao, he gained a soul that remains unbowed.

Gintoki is a Karmayogi not because he is a flawless hero, but because he stays true to his messy, sugar-loving, lazy, yet fiercely loyal self.

In a world telling us to be "perfect" versions of someone else, Gintama reminds us that being an "imperfect" version of ourselves is the highest form of Karma yoga.

DEMON HUNTER: AN ALTERNATIVE FANFICTION

By- u/vfgtfghd



Whenever happiness is destroyed... there is always the smell of blood. That night is burned into my memory its scent, its silence, its cruelty. After selling charcoal in town all day, I started heading back home. That's when I caught it... the stench of blood, thick and heavy in the air.

A sense of dread crawled up my spine. I remembered what old man Saburo had warned me about the man-eating demons that lurk after dark.
I ran as fast as I could. Deep down, I already knew something was wrong.

And when I reached home... my world shattered. The house where I once shared warm meals with my family was soaked in blood. My siblings the ones I played with, laughed with, grew up with lay lifeless on the floor. Their faces were so mutilated I could barely recognize them.
I pushed open the door, and as the faint light from outside spilled into the room, I saw eyes staring back at me.

I couldn't even tell whose eyes they were. Maybe Takeo's... or Shigeru's. My mind went blank. My legs trembled. My entire body froze, unsure whether to move forward or turn and run.
Then, I noticed another pair of eyes. From the shadows, a silhouette shifted.
And then I saw her.
Nezuko.

My little sister. The oldest after me.
"Nezuko!" I called out.
But before I could finish saying her name, she lunged at me.
I didn't even have time to think. Her teeth sank into my neck. My body wouldn't react.
"NEZUKOOOO!" I screamed.

I kicked her away and tried to run, but she grabbed my leg, dragging me down, her mouth opening again. My hand desperately reached for the hatchet lying nearby.
"Nezuko, please stop! It's me!" I screamed. "Please!"
But nothing reached her. She was no longer herself. I swung the hatchet in panic, but my blows did nothing. And then, before my eyes, her body grew.

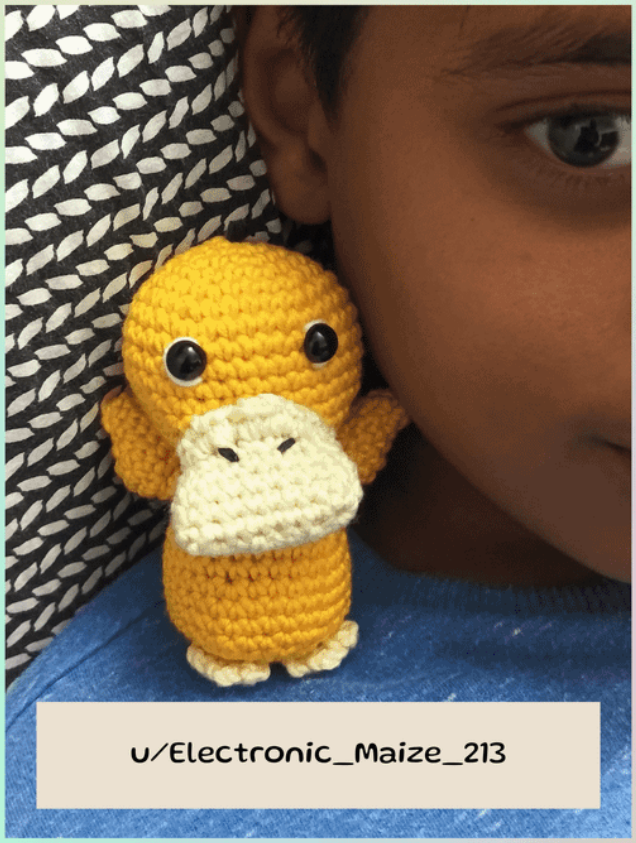
The small girl who used to hold my hand had become larger like the massive bear my father once killed.
She rushed at me again, and this time her claws tore through my chest.
Pain exploded through my body as I fell, completely exposed.
She could have killed me. Eaten me. Just like the others.
But then, “Water Breathing, First Form: Water Surface Slash!”
A flash of steel cut through the night. Nezuko leapt back, blood spraying.
“Nezukooo!” I screamed again.

“Are you alright?” a cold voice asked.
I turned and saw him a swordsman wearing a haori split into two colors. His expression was unreadable. “Yes… I’m alright,” I managed to say, clutching my chest. “Do you know that thing?” he asked, his blade still pointed at her.
“Yes,” I said, my voice shaking. “She’s… my little sister.”
“Sorry, kid,” he said. “But she’s no longer your sister. She’s a demon.”
I couldn’t accept it. How could I? I was gone for just one night. Barely twelve or fourteen hours. And in that short time, my entire family had been slaughtered. The only one left alive wasn’t even human anymore.
“Water Breathing, Third Form: Flowing Dance.” And just like that…
it was over.

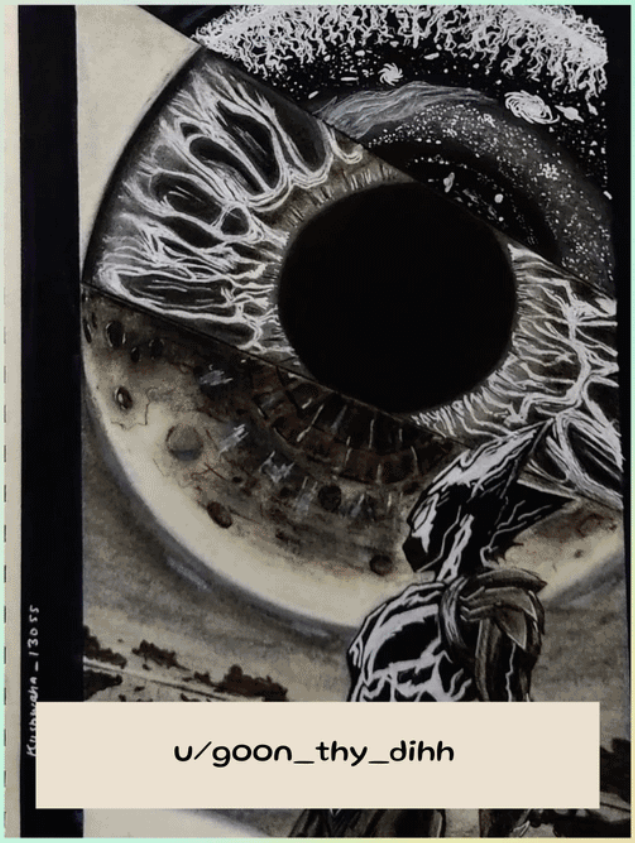
I stood there, frozen, as Nezuko’s head fell from her body.
“Nezukooooooo! Noooo!” I screamed, rushing toward her.
She was crying. Even in that monstrous form, tears streamed down her face.
Her pain… her suffering… they were all there in her eyes.
I tried to reattach her head, but the swordsman stopped me.

“Do you want her suffering to end… or go on?” he said quietly. “Right now, she can finally rest. I know it’s hard to accept, but once someone becomes a demon, they can never return to being human. Let her go.”
As he spoke, her body began to burn away.
And with a weak, trembling voice, she whispered, “Big brother… I’m sorry…”
Her voice still echoes in my head, even now.
No matter how many demons I cut down, that night never fades. It burns in me like a wound that never truly heals.

u/Routine_Confection35



u/Electronic_Maize_213



u/goon_thy_dihh

u/MAYBE_ItsCHINMAN

u/Round_Slip4234

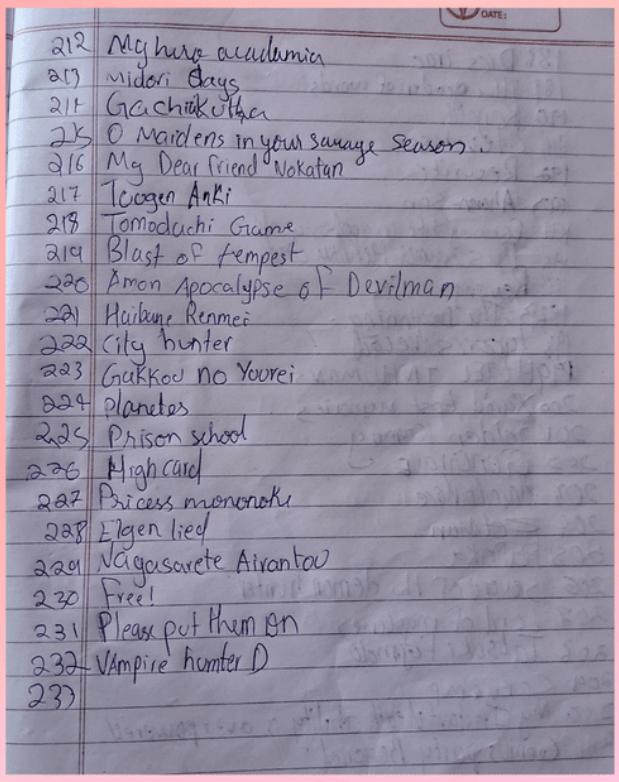
u/Dry-Reputation383

u/Significant_Art_6910

u/Jod696969

u/batukaming's post revolved around the discussion of why India still lacks a strong global animation industry despite having talented artists, with users pointing to issues like poor funding, low pay, outsourcing culture, and limited support for original creative work.

u/Impressive-Bank-248's post revolved around sharing their massive anime watch list, which led to a playful interaction between OP and other members, with some suggesting they should maintain an AniList account while others jokingly told them to focus on studying instead.



u/DankAadru's creativity was highlighted in the post after they showcased a handmade Goku paper figurine, with members appreciating the amount of effort, detailing, and dedication put into the craft. The artwork was widely loved in the comments, with many users praising it and calling it genuinely impressive.

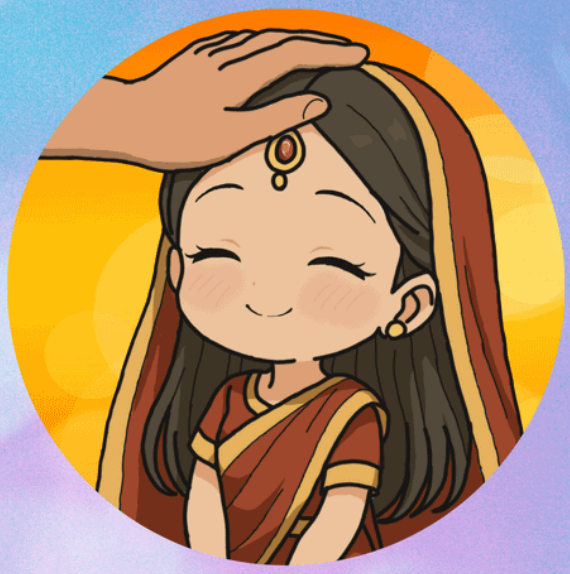
u/Stunning-Relative886's post revolved around Kenjiro Tsuda suing TikTok over alleged unauthorized AI voice cloning, with reports claiming 188 videos used his voice to gain views and revenue. The discussion also highlighted how overreliance on AI can harm original creators when used without consent.

u/purple_zenzo

u/famaki_

ACE
SageOfSixPaths
u/Imaginary_Condition3

@artistcoco



@gothoutofwater

TIED FOR FIRST PLACE

@demon_king.of_salvation.

RUNNER UP

@ribus629192

2ND RUNNER UP

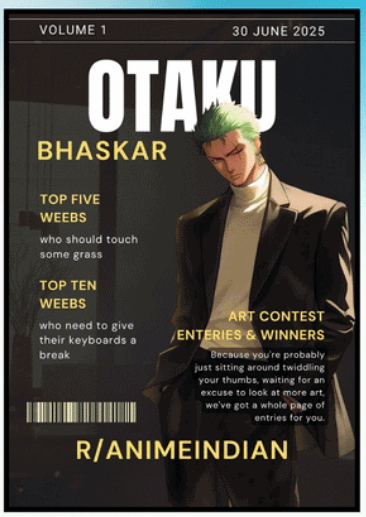
SHOUTOUT TO THE ARTISTS WHO SHARED THEIR ARTWORKS FOR THE COMPETITION! YOUR CREATIVITY, EFFORT, AND PASSION MADE THE EVENT TRULY SPECIAL.

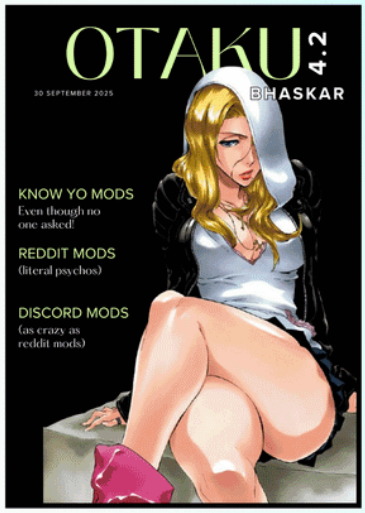
@scown128_63562

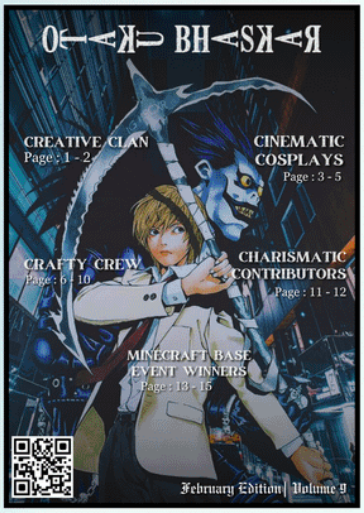
@asura000_

NOTE: ONLY THE ARTWORKS SUBMITTED ACCORDING TO THE EVENT RULES AND CRITERIA HAVE BEEN FEATURED.

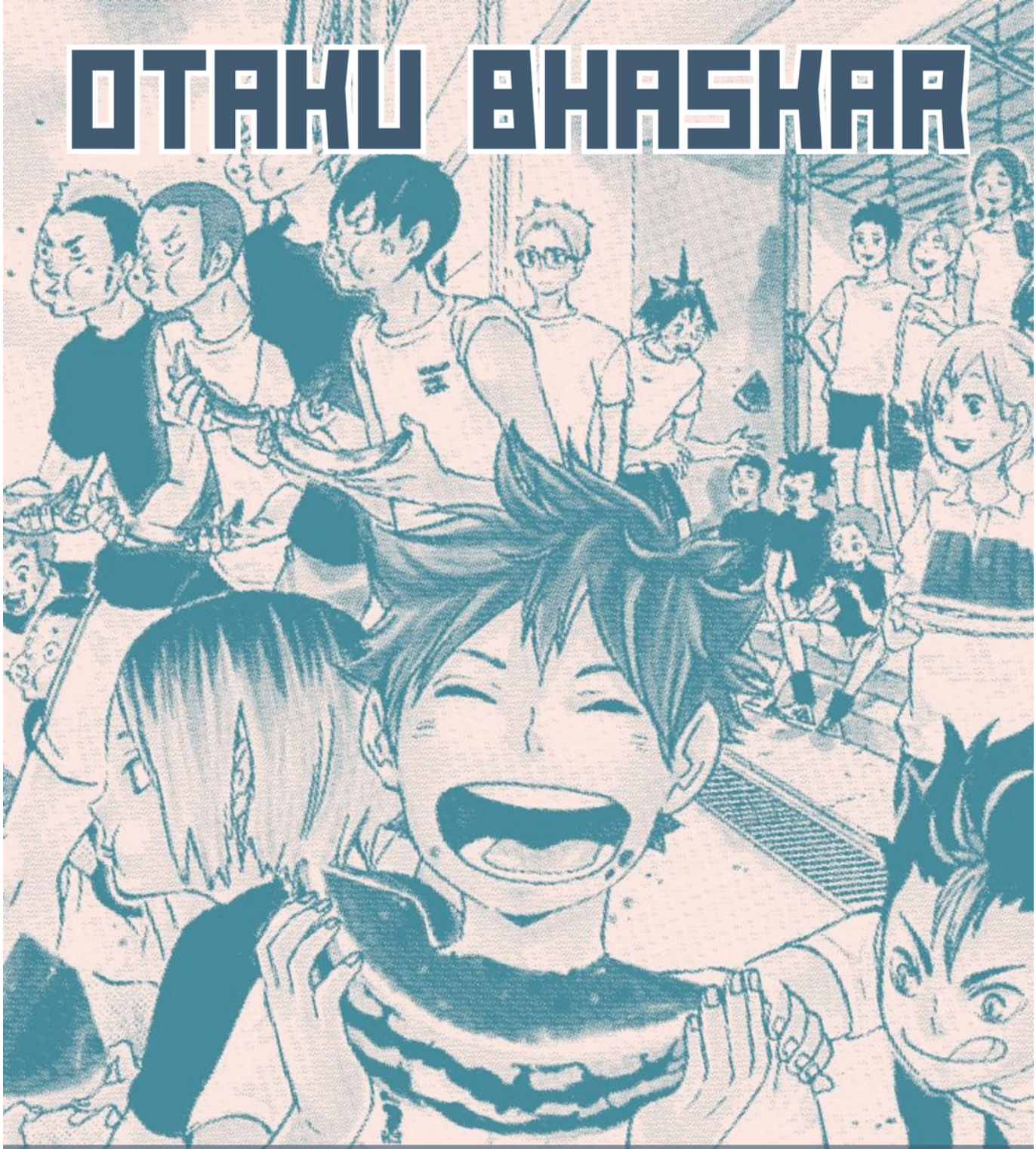
A LOOK BACK AT EVERY EDITION SO FAR...


VOLUME 1
30 JUNE 2025
OTAKU
BHASKAR
TOP FIVE WEEBS
who should touch some grass
TOP TEN WEEBS
who need to give their keyboards a break
ART CONTEST ENTERIES & WINNERS
Because you're probably just sitting around twiddling your thumbs, waiting for an excuse to look at more art, we've got a whole page of entries for you.
R/ANIMEINDIAN





OTAKU BHASKAR



Thank you for constantly supporting us throughout the year. Your love, critiques, feedback, and encouragement have helped us grow with every edition. We're truly grateful to everyone who has been part of this journey, and all the credit for the success of this magazine belongs to each and every one of you. We hope to continue creating, improving, and sharing many more years with your support by our side.